The Housholders New-yeeres Gift, containing a pleasant Dialogue betwixt the Husband and his Wife, pleasant to be regarded.

To the tune of, where is my true-love.

GRieve no more, sweet Husband,
to grieve it is in vaine,
Little it availeth
to grieve or else complaine:
Then shew thy need to no man,
for it doth breed disdaine:
Now comes a good new yeare.

H. Alacke and alas for woe,
how can I chuse,
The world is growne so cruell,
that friendship few doe vse:
Flattery gets credit,
plaine troth is overthrowne:
O Lord send a good new yeere.

W. The world it is deceitfull,
then trust it not, my deare:
But take this comfort to thee
thy saddest thoughts to cheare:
The Lord will never leave them,
where true love doth appeare:
And God send a merry new yeare.

H. What comfort can I take, Wife,
when sorrow is so great:
Misery on all sides
doth us alwayes threat:
When labour is to little
to finde us bread and meat:
O Lord send a god new yeare.

Scarcitie is planted
in Village and in towne,
Wee see our neighbours children
goe begging up and downe,
Few persons doe relieve them;
but all at them doe frowne:
O Lord send a good new yeare.

W. Greedinesse is causer,
good husband of this ill,
Pride that maddring monster,
kind charitie doth kill:
Lord Jesus soone amend it,
according to thy will:
And send us a merry new yeare.

H. Come in every Market
so deare we dayly see:
Wee pay more for a bushell,
then wee were wont for three:
This cuts the hearts of poore men.
and this undoeth me:
O Lord send a good new yeare.

W. Why husband, this hath caused
so many at this day,
To pinch their pretty bellies
within their garments gay:
And all they thinke too little,
upon themselves to lay:
Good Lord send a merry new yeere.

H. Sweet wife, a thousand sorrowes
doe yet torment my minde,
To thinke for all my labour
– how I am still behinde:
And for the same no remedy
alacke, that I can finde:
Good Lord send a merry new yeere.

W. Take courage, gentle Husband,
and hearken what I say,
After freezing January
commeth pleasant May:
There is no storme so cruell,
but comes as faire a day:
Good Lord send a merry new yeere.

H. Gentle Wife, I tell thee,
my very heart is done
The worlds great calamitie,
no way can I shunne:
For still in debt and danger,
more and more I runne:
Good Lord send a merry new yeere.

W. Be content, sweet Husband,
and hearken unto mee:
The Lord is still as mercifull
as he was wont to bee.
Goe thou and ply thy labour,
and I will worke with thee:
God Lord send a merry new yeere.

I will not be idle,
but I will Card and Spin:
I will save together
that thou bringest in:
No man for debt is hanged,
then passe thou not a pin:
And God send a merry new yeere.

H. Deare Wife, thy gentle speeches
revive me at the heart.
To see thee take my poverty
in such a gentle part:
If God doe ever raise me,
thou shalt have thy desert:
And God send a merry new yeere.

W. Poverty, (sweet Husband)
oft time hath been blamed:
But poverty with honesty
never yet was shamed:
The rich man discontented,
may bee a poore man call'd:
But God send a merry new yeere.

What thou want'st in riches,
I will supply in love,
Thou shalt be my honey,
and I thy Turtle Dove:
Thou art my beloved,
no sorrow shall remove:
And God send a merry new yeere.

FINIS. London, Printed for F. Coules, dwelling in the Old-Bayly.